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SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1909.

Mr. Wickersham on Corporation Legislation.

Attorney General Wickersham's address before the Kentucky State Bar Association points out two ways of dealing with the trust problem—one by Federal incorporation of corporations engaging in interstate commerce, and the other by State legislation, which would make impracticable the holding company form of combination. His remarks on the latter phase of the subject go to confirm what has been repeatedly said in these columns as to the responsibilities and duties of the States respecting the corporation problem. So far as industrial corporations are concerned, the States have hardly begun to employ their full powers over these creations of their own statutes. Four States have an adequate law of incorporation to begin with, so that in the very creation of corporations most of the States are derelict. Moreover, corporation legislation still falls far short of putting forth the whole power of State sovereignty to prevent the evils of combinations in restraint of trade.

Much of this legislation, as Mr. Wickersham intimates, abounds in damnatory language, but is ineffective in practice, especially as it relates to corporations created in other States. As to these corporations, the power of the States is such that they could strike down the largest trusts by simply vacating the license of any corporation 50 per cent or more of whose stock was held by another corporation. A favorite method of combination nowadays is the holding company, to which is delivered a controlling interest in a series of allied corporations, or a parent corporation may itself acquire a majority of the stock of scattered corporations. This could be prevented if a sufficient number of States should agree upon the legislation recommended by the Attorney General.

Mr. Wickersham declares that the holding company has made possible the rapid growth of trusts and monopolies. So far as this growth may be attributed to holding companies, the States are solely responsible for it, for the holding company could not exist at all, nor could one corporation absorb another, but for the liberality of certain of the States in granting charters permitting the very combinations which public policy should aim to prevent. The responsibility of State legislation for the holding company is well stated in the address of Wade H. Ellis, now assistant to the Attorney General, at the Chicago trust conference of 1907, wherein he described corporate ownership of the stock of other corporations as a new corporate power, only recently granted by express statutes in a number of American Commonwealths. "These statutes," says Mr. Ellis, "are the sole source of the power of one corporation to own the stock of another." What power the States have given they can take away, or limit, as Mr. Wickersham suggests.

The trouble, of course, is to obtain the requisite uniformity of State legislation. To remedy this difficulty a Federal incorporation law is favored by many, including the Attorney General, who regards it as "the inevitable result of economic conditions." A Federal law could place such restrictions upon the issue of corporate securities and upon the exercise of corporate powers as would prevent combination altogether, or at all events confine it within rigid limits. Inasmuch as the States cannot regulate or interfere with interstate commerce, Federal legislation must round out that of the States in order that the corporation situation may be controlled at all points, leaving no "twilight zone" wherein predatory wealth may work injury to the public.

On the Contrary.

Says the Mobile Register:

"The late Sam Jones' favorite reply to his critics was, 'The hit dog howls.'"

The Rev. Sam P. Jones is dead, and is now enjoying a righteous reward, for Sam was a good man and true, and if there are rewards for the good and true hereafter, his title to a large share of the same would seem to have been firmly established here on earth. But for all that, we never liked that favorite expression of his, and we fear we shall never learn to. It does not have the right ring; it is one of those pat utterances that fail to satisfy, and certainly offer little by way of an answer to criticism.

The hit dog does not always howl. Sometimes the one throwing the rock into the pack hits the dog so hard that he is sorely wounded, perhaps knocked senseless, and maybe killed. Oftimes he is never heard from again; now and then a few feeble moans are heard—moans that resemble howling not ever so remotely. Mr. Jones employed a slashing, smashing, knock-down-and-drag-out method. He had the ear of the public, and he thundered things into that ear strenuously on occasions. He accused thousands of people of wrong-doing. Many of them, perhaps the greater part of them, were guilty, no doubt, and deserved all they got from the famous evangelist. But at times Mr. Jones, like many another zealot, hit the wrong dog, and sometimes the dog howled, and sometimes he was sorely wounded, and sometimes he was killed—in reputation, we mean—and a grievous wrong was done, albeit at the hands of an earnest and consecrated minister, of course.

We never liked Benjamin Franklin's old suggestion, "Honesty is the best policy," because, as we have said before, we do not like the idea of making a policy of honesty in any circumstances—a mere policy. And yet Franklin was a great and good man. We honor and revere his memory, and we hold him up as a model of excellence to young Americans. That is all right, to be sure. Homer nodded now and then, and even Franklin and Sam Jones could say things that would better have been left unsaid.

It is not charitable to assume that the hit dog always howls. The man who makes a business of throwing rocks does not always throw them accurately, more's the pity.

A Wandering Statue.

Somewhere in this country there is a lost statue of John C. Calhoun. Any person finding himself in its presence may learn of something to his advantage by communicating with the authorities at Charleston, S. C. This work of art disappeared during the civil war, but Charleston has just begun to mourn its loss, and will not be comforted. If publicity will aid in the search, it is a pleasure to make that contribution toward the recovery of this work of art and the consequent assuaging of the grief of a bereaved city.

The tale of this wandering figure of a statesman begins in distant Rome, where it was wrought into the form of life by the cunning hand of the American sculptor, Powers. The imaginative hand of the artist transformed the South Carolina statesman into a Roman senator, clad in the iconoclastic drapery of a toga. In its voyage across the sea, the statue met the misfortune of a broken arm, which was mended with the best skill of a stonecutter in New York City. This ought to aid in its identification. Set up in the city hall of Charleston, this Ulysses of marble resumed its journeyings upon the approach of Northern troops. Thereafter, its Odyssey is of varied version. One tradition says that it was buried to save it from the invaders; another that it was removed to Columbia; another that it was captured by the Union army and carried North of Mason and Dixon's line as a trophy of war.

It would seem that the last of these tales should be erased from the list of conjecture. Stalwart as they were, it is not credible that the men of Sherman's army would have been disposed to add an heroic figure of marble to their impedimenta. Moreover, the possession of a captive statue of a Southern statesman would have been the wonder of a camp, and the story of its laborious transportation would surely have become a fretfully enduring reminiscence. Nevertheless, it would be an act of kindness for the curators of art galleries in the North to pass in review their silent charges, just to make sure that no Calhoun lurks in their midst. In the meantime, Charleston should investigate thoroughly its own recesses. It may be possible that the lost figure reposes placidly in some forgotten nook near its bereaved home.

The Man with the Silver Plate.

Of the true romance it was Kipling who wrote, "Thy face is far from this our cry," but that the world is still full of it we are most strikingly reminded by the news of the death of Gen. the Marquis de Gallifet in Paris. He was known during the days of the Dreyfus agitation as "the man with the silver plate," surely a romantic appellation enough when it is remembered that the doughty old warrior set himself single-handed to hold the mercurial French army in check in case of the acquittal of Dreyfus. With the rights or the wrongs of the Dreyfus case he did not concern himself. One thing he had to do, to hold his beloved army in line, and with an iron hand and with grim humor he watched the anti-Dreyfusards chafe, but keep still, under the restraint he had imposed upon them.

Few fictions can equal in interest and romance the life of this soldier and hero, a survival of the best that was in the type that made up Napoleon's Old Guard, when every French soldier carried a field marshal's baton in his knapsack. He was of the stuff that real warriors are made, and the steel was in his heart as it was every ready to his hand.

Why, he began his career of military glory by killing the fencing master of his corps in a duel. You can imagine the respect the regiment held him in after that. Of course, those were stormy times for France and she needed men like de Gallifet—Gaston Alexandre Auguste de Gallifet. The very names roll out like a page of Dumas. The Crimean war came early in his fighting career, and it is not surprising that the youth who killed his fencing master should so distinguish himself as to win the honor of knighthood of the Legion on the field of the Crimea, where so many military reputations were shattered. But de Gallifet came out so distinguished that he was attached to the staff of the Emperor, a service which he left only for the purpose of serving France in the war with Mexico. It was here, at the battle of Puebla, that a shell carried away a part of his abdomen and the doctors doomed him to death. But instead he lived with a silver plate covering the old wound, and in the same year was back at the head of his troops, fighting in Algiers. Well might Napoleon III say of him: "Drouot represents virtue, but Gallifet represents bravery. I believe that he, like Bayard, could easily defend a bridge against all comers." He was made a colonel then.

Then came Sedan, and Gallifet commanded a brigade. He, with the rest, had to lay down his arms to the victorious Prussians, and it does not require much imagination to picture the mortification of the veteran as he gave up his sword and went to prison with his comrades.

He was back in France so soon as peace was declared, and again he was needed. Thiers picked him out as the man to suppress the Commune, and this task accomplished, he was hurried to the command of the El Goleah expedition, marching across the desert to subdue the hostile tribes, a job he did so satisfactorily that he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor.

So up and up, always fighting his way upward, until he was made general of division, and finally was retired by the French age limit. But France needed him still. In the troubles of the Dreyfus case he was much to the front, guarding the interests of his beloved country. Waldeck-Rousseau made him minister of war, a position he held for a troubled year, and then, the government being stable, he retired to rest.

We hear much nowadays about the degeneration of France and her people, much that is doubtless far fetched and untrue. For in the epochs of France's need she has seldom lacked a hero like "the man of the silver plate" to serve not only as an inspiration to her own people, but as an example of bravery and devotion to duty for the rest of the world.

The only sure way to abolish the end-seat hog nuisance is to fix it up so we all can be end-seat hogs. Why not speak the plain, unvarnished truth now and then, though the heavens fall?

If Kermit Roosevelt gets by with that story about having killed a bigger lion than his pa, it will demonstrate clearly that while Bwana Tumbo's spear knows no brother, it recognizes a son, all right.

"What is it that makes a Montgomery girl prettier than any other girl in the world?" asks the Montgomery Advertiser. Little Dan Cupid is our guess.

Mr. Aldrich claims that the Senate bill fills every campaign promise. It must be admitted that the consumer seems more than likely to get all that is coming to him.

Lest we forget—the New Orleans Picayune of Wednesday carries a picture of Mr. Roosevelt in the costume he wore when bear hunting in Louisiana a year or two ago.

"The cheaper cuts of meat are frequently as wholesome and nourishing as the expensive cuts," says a physician. But where shall we get the cheaper cuts, doc.?

The Birmingham Age-Herald thinks a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Alabama "sounds the death-knell of prohibition." Our contemporary should not, we think, be too sure of that. Prohibition probably is not headed right straight for the morgue.

"Can a man be a good fisherman without being a good liar?" inquires the Deseret News. No; the latter "good" being used in the sense of "benign, philanthropic, worthy."

Only some nine hundred Senate amendments tacked onto the Payne tariff bill, Mr. Speaker. Surely, in the circumstances, the House will not venture the opinion that the Senate thinks it is the whole procession?

So some of those indicted sugar trust magnates "feel hurt," do they? We think we are reasonably safe in asserting now that it is within the range of the possible to pierce a rhinoceros' hide with a wooden toothpick.

"A contemporary wants to know what the world has waited for longer than anything else," says the Augusta Chronicle. We do not know, but it surely seems as if honest tariff revision must be the answer.

Good Dr. Eliot "assumes that the majority of people have read the Bible." Hum! We begin to suspect the doctor has been joshing us all along about that five feet of books.

It was very good of Mr. George Bernard Shaw to express his disapproval of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, but it is only the truth to say, nevertheless, that Mr. Roosevelt did not need the advertising.

Of course, when Solomon averred that there is nothing new under the sun, he had no means of knowing an Indiana post-office would ever go begging under a Republican administration for the lack of a patriot of the proper faith to fill it.

It is something of a far cry from his royal highness the Duke of the Abruzzi to plain Bill Hitt, from one point of view, perhaps. But Bill Hitt sounds good to us, nevertheless and notwithstanding!

"They say that Mr. Foraker is due to come to political life again next year," says the Rochester Herald. A whole lot of people probably assimilated with many grains of salt some of the funeral orations and obituaries framed up for Mr. Foraker last fall.

LORE FOR STATESMEN.

Heightening the Wall.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The maximum device of the Aldrich tariff bill is putting a barbed wire fence on the Chinese wall.

Presidential Awakenings.

From the New York Evening Post.

President Taft confesses that on his speech-making tours he wakes up in the morning "groping for a subject."

A Note of Alarm.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

It is not at all improbable that among its other "blessings" the Aldrich tariff will give us two or three commercial wars.

Mr. Murdock's Three Taxes.

From the Boston Transcript.

Representative Victor Murdock, of Kansas, favors income, inheritance, and corporation taxes, all three, and does not worry about the resulting surplus.

Those Crop Reports.

From the New York Sun.

President Taft could begin the work of departmental retrenchment with especial usefulness and prestige by abolishing Secretary Wilson's so-called crop reports.

Change in Executive Opinion.

From the Providence Journal.

Less than a year ago Mr. Taft wished to supervise merely such corporations as might become monopolies; but now he advocates "a long step forward" in the direction of government supervision of all corporations.

An Aldrich Tariff.

From the Boston Herald.

The bill goes to conference with the assurance that all this "deliberation" has been but a preliminary to the final adjustment which has been forecasted and provided for by the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

Income Tax in State Senates.

From the Springfield Republican.

Thirteen men in New Hampshire can defeat the income tax amendment, 20 in Rhode Island, and 18 in Connecticut. It is not difficult to count up nine other legislatures whose senates might easily decline to take affirmative action.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

AT A CITY WINDOW.

I oft imagine that the tar
Is like a bubbling brook
That bubbles from some spot afar
Deep in a sylvan nook.

The steam that eddies from the roof,
From hot exhaust pipes sprayed,
Is very like the warp and woof
Of some far-off cascade.

And so my vagrant fancies wing;
The asphalt is a pool.
I can imagine anything
Except that I am cool.

At the Beach.

"Could you love me, and me alone?"
"Why, what a foolish question, Jack."
"Pardon my doubts."
"Could I love you, and you alone!
Aren't you the only man here?"

Such as Barristers Wear.

"She says she is being fitted for the bar."
"What does she mean by that?"
"I suppose she is being measured for some of those cunning black gowns."

A Cooking Graduate.

'Tis not her plan
To speak a piece
About the gran—
Deur that was Greece.
But all her kith
Know that she can
Work wonders with
A frying-pan.

To Please the Ladies.

"I see some of the papers print the sporting section in pink."
"But they are overlooking a bet."
"As to how?"
"They ought to print the fashion section in mauve."

As Time Goes On.

"How long have you been married now?"
"Three years."
"Happy?"
"Oh, yes."
"Do you really love your wife more than when you were first married?"
"Sure. I have to. She's harder to convince."

AMONG THE JOKERS.

The Marathon Distance.

From the Pittsburg Post.

"But this house is twenty-five miles from the railroad."

"Just the marathon distance, my friend. Think what exercise you'll get running for the train."

Looks in Wrong Direction.

From the Dayton Journal.

A pessimist always looks to the west to see the sun rise.

Swallow Tail Tabooed.

From the Pittsburg Post.

"I don't keer for the dress suit," declared the statesman.

"Afraid your constituents wouldn't like it?"

"No, it ain't that. But dress suits ain't got no buzzums to thrust your right hand inter."

Sin and the Devil in Limbo.

From the Savannah News.

Benjamin Devil has been arrested in New York and is locked up in the same jail with Jung Sin. With Sin and the Devil both cornered, the pastors may now go on their summer vacations.

Not a Treasure Exactly.

From the Boston Transcript.

Bach—I suppose, old man, your wife still thinks she married a treasure?

Benedict—No—a treasury.

BIBLE AND SHAKESPEARE.

They Occupy First Place Among the Books We Ought to Read.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Most people, says Dr. Eliot, are supposed to have read the Bible and Shakespeare, and the publishers, therefore, had suggested to him to use the space these works would have occupied for less known and less admitted books.

Nothing could be more prosaic. The very vehemence of the protests against the exclusions might seem to justify them. If so many people are so anxious that the Bible and Shakespeare should be read, why, then, recommend the obvious and tender advice that is not needed?

However, it would have been a simple matter to state that the constructors of the five-foot library started with the presumption that every one had read or was reading the Bible and Shakespeare, and that the list was, therefore, to be, in a sense, supplementary and subordinate. Such a statement would have obviated much futile speculation and a deal of unjust censure.

It may be added that not all educators are satisfied that the Bible and Shakespeare are read as widely and thoughtfully as they should be, and most of them believe that, for the sake of the younger generation at all events, those works should be included in any list of essential books authoritatively put forth. To say that they are studied and enjoyed as a matter of course is, we fear, to indulge in a pious fiction.

Reciprocal Trade Relations.

From the New Orleans Daily States.

America, under the domination of the Republican party, is leading in a reactionary movement looking to the restriction of those reciprocal trade relations which are so conducive to advancement in prosperity and enlightenment, and its policy, unless checked, must inevitably result in the segregation of the nations, bitter and costly commercial wars in neutral territory, and the eventual confining of the trade of each country within the limits of their respective boundaries. It will simply mean a return, after a long and circuitous route, to the unsatisfying conditions from which we emerged as a result of much patriotic effort on the part of that splendid line of statesmen who conducted the American government in the early years of its history.

Extravagant Kansas Town.

From the Abilene (Kans.) Daily Reflector.

Having saved considerable money on the marshalship, and a few dollars by giving the printing to a weekly paper with small circulation, the council should be consistent and reduce some of the extravagant salaries it is paying. Why should the city clerk receive $25 a month when all the work of the month can be done in three days?

One View of the Flirt.

From the Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise.

A Chicago college professor says that a flirt is an absolutely useless thing. He has perhaps been visting some of the coast resorts at this season, where it must be confessed that they appear less useful than ornamental.

Explaining to Oliver.

My sense of sight is very keen,
My sense of hearing weak.
One time I saw a mountain pass
But could not hear its peak.
—Oliver Herford.

Why, Ollie, that you failed in this
Is not so rery queer,
To hear its peak, you should, you know,
Have had a mountaineer.
Boston Transcript.

The mountain, Ollie, will not peak
To mountaineer or you.
'Tis only there, if you must know,
To play at peek-a-boo.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Foreign Trade of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia merchants are disappointed at the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission that the city is not a competitive point. The flour dealers there pay storage charges to the warehouse companies, which are controlled by the railroads, upon consignments after four days, whereas in New York shippers are allowed ten days' free storage at the expense of the carrying companies. Yet Philadelphia is served by three railways, two of them trunk lines. It is pointed out that there is now in progress a struggle between Boston and Baltimore, both competitors of Philadelphia, for handling of export and import traffic. It is asserted that the purpose is to eliminate Philadelphia entirely as a factor and to give to other cities advantages of rates. The charge is made that the railroads that closed the Philadelphia refineries by a bargain with the sugar trust have also found it to their advantage to stifle competition by that city in handling foreign freight. There are no collected statistics to show the magnitude of the shipments involved, but the Philadelphia newspapers complain that the local commercial organizations seem indifferent. It would seem that those bodies should wake up, if their interests are in such peril as is claimed.

Suffragettes and Policewomen.

A suffragette climbed upon a high step at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, in New York City, and started to make a speech. A ruthless policeman ordered her to move on. She obeyed, just as a mere man with regard for legal force would have moved, but she had the inevitable last word, to wit: "When we get our votes we will have women policemen, and then we will see if a woman cannot talk when she wants to." Perhaps, indeed, the women who wished to talk would see and learn that they could not have their wordful will without interruption, if there were women policemen. Man's inhumanity to man would become merciful by comparison if there were feminine policemen to deal with feminine disorder. Mere man may shrink from imagining what transformation from that gentle dependence, which has no equal in tyranny, to uniformed authority might mean. Perhaps the mere man might yield to arrest without resistance, from the inherited instinct of generations of training. The masculine prisoner might even protect his captor from violence, if there were any attempt at rescue. But what would one lady say to another lady who should essay an arrest? It might need an epic to portray adequately the ensuing conversation.

French Workers and Suffragettes.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, during his visit to France will have an interesting opportunity to study the trade union movement among working women in that country. Its management is attracting more attention among social students than is the agitation for suffrage. It appears that of the 4,000,000 women in France who earn their livelihood in almost every industry, only 97,000 belong to unions, or are "syndicated," as the phrase is there. But there has been a steady, if gradual, growth in this movement. The women workers are to hold a convention in Lyons in September, when they will formulate a demand for "equal pay for equal work and equality of legislative protection for women and men." It is the second clause of this programme that is of special interest to the suffragettes. They will favor the creation of a propagandist committee in every electoral district in France, which will support only candidates for the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate who pledge themselves to vote for their cause.

A Pastor's Protest.

The good women who are interested in promoting the various works and entertainments of the institutional church may be surprised that the Rev. Reed Stuart, of Cleveland, has resigned his pastorate because he did not feel equal to that branch of the work. He defines that work as comprising "free soup, boys' clubs, basket-ball, and cadets carrying guns in the name of Christ." This clergyman disavows any spirit of bitterness at finding these forms of ecclesiastical enterprises too vigorous after twenty-three years devoted to evangelical work. He admits that the modern idea may regard them as necessary, but his own training had been that of a preacher and spiritual leader. He could not adjust himself to the intimate association of sports with religion. Neither is he an advocate of gloom in the development of religious enthusiasm. His difficulty, it may be suggested, might have been relieved by a division of labor that would have freed him from leading brigades of boys or presiding over supper tables, while he could pursue in his study undisturbed the calmer activities which he felt to be his true vocation.

Railway Fares to the Sea.

It is a decision of interest to many other cities that are blessed with outing resorts within a radius of reasonable distance, as well as to millions of visitors to New York City, that one nickel is a reasonable rate of fare between the metropolis and Coney Island. It may be necessary, by the way, to remind the reader that legally Coney Island is a part of the municipality of Greater New York, being within the boundary of the borough of Brooklyn. It is interesting to note also that the passenger traffic to Coney Island is no longer classed as one of summer alone. The number of city workers who have their homes permanently near the ocean has increased greatly. One notable feature of this decision, rendered by the public service commission, is that increased traffic on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays increases operating expenses on those days to such an extent as to leave only a small margin of profit, so that a limitation of fare to 5 cents would not be warranted. One inference is that increased business causes temporary increase in extraordinary expenses.

Costly to Chinatown.

The innocent, or presumably innocent, Chinese laundrymen of New York are having hard times since the murder of the pitiable Sigel girl. They complain that men representing themselves as officers enter their shops and rob and beat them. There is a penalty in New York for impersonating an officer that the police might inflict. Another sequence of the murder is the financial depression of Manhattan's Chinatown. That slum has flourished upon the profits derived from sightseers. But the police policy in diverting this trade of the idle curious is proving effective. The receipts of several Chinese curiosity shops have decreased from $100 to $25 a day. It is suggested that this will affect customs receipts, as some of the wholesale importers have paid as much as $100,000 in duties in one year. This touching of the pocket-nerve may stimulate, the police think, Chinese unwillingness to harbor the murderer. It is pointed out that the sought-for Leung Lim is the more unlikely to return to China, where the authorities would hold his relatives responsible. If they were to conceal him, the family would lose some heads.

Long Life Explained.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"So you are ninety-four years old. To what do you attribute your long life?"

"A good many things have contributed to it, the most important, I think, being the care which I have always taken not to get into a fight with a bigger man than myself."

FETED BY ALL ENGLAND.

American Ambassador Occupies a Unique Position Always.

Sydney Brooks, in the London Fortnightly Review.

Nothing, indeed, could well be more significant or of better omen than the semi-official, semi-popular greetings that are extended to each new American ambassdor on his arrival. They are local in form, but national in the feeling behind them. They have become, in fact, a custom of British public life, and a custom of which the full meaning is to be found in its singularity. So far as I know, nothing like it exists anywhere else. No ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honored. For the representative of a foreign power to be feted on his recall in the capital of the state to which he is accredited is common enough. But for the representative of a foreign nation to be hailed with welcoming words at the moment of his arrival, before he has even presented his credentials, before he has given any token either of his personality or of his diplomatic policy, this is an experience which, alone among the diplomats of the world, is enjoyed by the American ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is intended, I need hardly say, to be precisely what it is—a unique compliment, a distinguishing recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relationship such as unites no other nations on this earth, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural.

And further elaborating his views, the writer quoted continues:

"From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of English society, and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and public—by which, of course, I do not mean political—life. Other ambassadors may be as lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality, but the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American confrere. He alone gets behind the scenes, is shown the best of whatever England has to offer, and becomes at once a public character. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps, once in a lifetime of the Russian or German ambassador being asked to lecture before an educational or philosophical society, or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything. They are what the American ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and treated as such. A paragraph in the Court Circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial salute from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event."

CONTRAST FAVORS TAFT.

Dealing with Malefactors of Wealth Now and Under Roosevelt.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

The contrast between the courses of this administration and the Roosevelt administration with regard to the sugar trust is very sharp and very discreditable to the talkative Mr. Roosevelt and his talkative Attorney General. The Roosevelt administration made a great ado about "sparing no lawbreaker, rich or poor, high or low." Nobody believes that Mr. Roosevelt was afraid to go after anybody if he wished to do so. His conspicuous fault was that he had favorites whom he would not permit to be prosecuted, whatever, happened, if the Executive power could prevent it. The most noteworthy instance, previous to the refusal to attack the officers of the sugar trust, was Mr. Roosevelt's order that the special counsel of the Department of Justice refrain from action against Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton for illegal rebating while traffic manager of the Santa Fe railroad system. Gov. Harmon, of Ohio, then a private citizen and one of the government counsel in the case, denounced the President's action in an open letter which first gave utterance to the expressive phrase "immunity bath."

John E. Parsons, director and general counsel of the sugar trust, is a fine-looking man, long prominent in religious and civic movements, and is the father of Herbert Parsons, chairman of the Republican county committee of New York, who was understood to be the right-hand man of the Roosevelt wing of his party in the metropolis. (Merely, by the way, we may mention that Mrs. Herbert Parsons, who is a daughter of Henry Clews, and is now suing for divorce, wrote the sensational book in which trial marriages were advocated.) John E. Parsons now stands before the country as a type of that rich respectability which does not scruple to commit, under the cloak of a corporation, charter and through paid underlings, acts of swindling, theft, and oppression which are as much crimes as the work of any burglar. The pharisees who do these things as corporation directors, while leading in religious and "reform" work outside of their own business, are the men who are doing the most harm today.

On the Witness Stand.

From Success Magazine.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff, Mr. Barnes. Is that so?" questioned Lawyer Fuller, now chief justice.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"What did he say?" next demanded Fuller.

The attorney for the defense jumped to his feet and objetced that the conversation could not be admitted in the evidence. A half-hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point.

An hour later the judges filed into the court room and announced that Mr. Fuller might put his question.

"Well, what did the plaintiff say, Mr. Barnes?"

"He weren't at home, sir," same the answer without a tremor.

Man and His Clothes.

From the London Chronicle.

Man is some sort of a slave to his clothes, and there are many men who dislike wearing the same clothes on two consecutive days. More particularly the necktie. For the first two or three things you look at when you meet a man are his eyes and his necktie. And there is a sort of underlying consciousness as you face the morning world that your tie must be straight and clean and new. But to this end you must buy the cheap tie, and throw it away with your sins before going to bed.

Seven Ages of Greatness.

From Brooklyn Life.

Long hair and a Windsor tie.
A cigar given your name.
A brand of whisky with your patronymic.
Requests for autographs.
A collar called after you.
A calendar made from your aphorisms.
"Complete Works," with notes and an appendix.

The Night.

From the Nashville Tennessean.

Soon we must come to the Night,
With the Day of our toiling done;
A step—and the waning light
Dies with the fading sun;
Only a little way,
And then, where the Twilight creeps
The Dreamer has known his Day,
And the soul of the Dreamer sleeps.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Travel to the Pacific Coast promises to be more extensive the present summer than at any time since the general exodus of home-goers shortly after the close of the Spanish war," said L. W. Travis, an official of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, at the New Willard yesterday.

"Many government employes and officers of the insular army have let their annual leave accumulate for two or three years in order that their home trip might be timed to witness the world's fair on the Pacific Coast.

"All trans-Pacific lines have been booking passage in advance for the past two months, and many have found it necessary to make the voyage via Suez in order to reach Puget Sound ports during midsummer. The steamers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha touching Manila on the Japan-Australia route and connecting with the American line at Yokohama, are carrying full complements of passengers, and it is announced that the present service will be augmented by two more steamers."

"Gov. Stubbs, of Kansas, is a speech-maker of the first water," said J. H. Young, of Kansas City, at the Riggs yesterday. "There is not very much 'rippling water' and 'flowery symposium' in his talk. Rather he pounds away like a sledge hammer, and always has something to say.

"But Stubbs is not to be taken away from his office by the glory of the Chautauqua plaudits," continued Mr. Young. "He doesn't mean to cast any reflection on anybody, but he says that he thinks it is the duty of the governor of Kansas to stay at home and attend to business. That is his platform on that subject, but the governor will make some speeches this summer, and possibly some on Chautauqua platforms, though he will not take any pay for his work.

"It is very evident that Kansas is not going to fall behind its record this year for producing spellbinders. There are lots of orators in Kansas, plenty of them; in fact, the woods are full of men who know what 'peroration' means. A man has to get into the limelight in order to ascend the Chautauqua platform, and, noting the big array of Kansans selected to 'charm' audiences by the wise lyceum managers, it is evident that Kansas has been 'doing something.' So, when the Sunflower natives go away from home this summer and drop into a big Chautauqua audience somewhere, they need not be surprised to hear the chairman announce, 'The speaker from Kansas.'"

Clemens Artmeler, of Barmen, Germany, a woolen goods manufacturer, who is making a visit to this country and is stopping at the Raleigh, said last night that although Washington has splendid parks, these places were very little patronized.

"You have some beautiful parks in the various cities of the United States," said Mr. Artmeler, "but they are hardly ever visited. Mostly children and nurses can be found in the parks. Women come next, but very few men. It seems you American men do not care much to have your system filled with pure ozone after having worked in shop and factory and office all day long. Where do you spend your spare time? In Germany after the close of the day the public parks fill up with the men of the office, of the shop, of the store, of the factory, of the barracks, resting in the fresh air from the strenuous work of the day. They allow their lungs to have their fill of ozone. Such a thing seems to be unknown in America, and yet you have magnificent parks. Why don't somebody arise among you and urge the men to avail themselves of the fresh air of the parks after hours, preach of the beneficial influence a few hours spent in the cooling green will have on the whole physical system, strengthening it in every particular?

"You have more poor people in the United States than we have in Germany," continued Mr. Artmeier. "We have practically no paupers in Germany. By that I mean to say that there are no helpless or destitute persons in the Kaiser's realm. They are all taken care of in some way. The Reichstag has provided for the care of the workingman and the old and the sick and the unemployed in such an effective manner that Germany has no paupers or absolutely destitute people like you have in America, and of whom there are thousands and thousands in England.

"In Germany every workingman must be insured against sickness, accident, death, nonemployment, old age—practically against every feature of life which tends to bring about destitution. The cost of the insurance is defrayed by the insured himself, assisted by his employer. This may smack somewhat of paternalism, but if it is, it is certainly highly beneficial in results."

William B. Stewart, of New York, discussed "tea" at the Arlington the other day. Mr. Stewart is a "gentleman of leisure," and has traveled widely.

"In England men like their tea," he said, "and have it at their clubs, so it is not unusual for a man to enjoy taking it with a woman. The continental, with no real taste for the drink, is now constantly imbibing it in female society at a million tea shops and smart hotels all over Europe.

"But to the American man," added Mr. Stewart, "tea has always been, and apparently always will be 'pink.' He abhors it as a beverage, and considers a woman's tea table a thing leading only to weakness and effeminacy in its male votaries.

"There was a period in America ten or fifteen years ago when high hopes were cherished among the economically inclined of being able to make of tea an actual entertainment, valid as such in the social clearing house. But this hope flickered and soon died, except in artistic circles. Even the most literary of novelists, once his book is selling, is around the corner at the club or in the nearest barroom with a cocktail.

"The legend of the two Englishmen and the tea at Sherry's is a crystallization in New York history of what we feel about the decoction. These gentlemen, running across each other in Fifth avenue by chance, toward 5 o'clock, dropped into the famous restaurant, the acquaintanace of which they had already made, for a cup of tea. Seating themselves in a room where many people were partaking of such refreshment, they waited, growing impatient, to give their order. Waiters with a nervous, frightened look, circled near them, but fled when beckoned to.

"Finally the chief advanced, and with great politeness regretted that he could not serve the gentlemen. 'The invariable rule of the restaurant is,' he said, 'that gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies cannot be served with tea.'"

Cost of an Insane Fourth.

From the Pittsburg Post.

It was not hard to see many, who, on other days talk gloomily of hard times, burning and shooting away what costs good money as if there was nothing else on earth or in the hereafter to do. Many a purveyor of the necessaries would doubtless be glad to have some of the coin that has gone so recklessly, applied to long-standing bills. Is any one willing to admit that he got his money's worth out of the debauch?

Iteration in Senate Debate.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It must be admitted by the statesmen most loyal to the traditions of the Senate that in the tariff debates there is a deal of what a statesman of an older day called "damned iteration."